

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO. 4

IS APPOINTED TO CIRCUIT COURT BENCH

Claire E. Edwards Will be Successor to Late Charles Whitney

WILL TAKE BENCH IN OCT.

Telegram Received in Waukegan Monday Put An End to the Uncertainty Felt

Claire C. Edwards of Waukegan was appointed by Governor Dunne Monday judge of the seventeenth judicial circuit court to succeed Charles Whitney, deceased.

The above telegram received at noon put an end to the uncertainty felt during the past several weeks by members of the Lake county bar and at the same time puts onto the Circuit bench in this county a man who has received the backing of twenty-six prominent members of the Lake County Bar association, and who is admitted on every hand to be the only logical man for the place from every standpoint.

From the chaos that first marked the death of the late Judge Whitney, Claire C. Edwards stepped out, the only member of the bar with anything like concerted backing. The leading members of the Lake County Bar association stood behind him and saw that every possible advantage was given his application for the appointment and when this application is assured and Judge Claire C. Edwards is a reality, there is not a lawyer in the county that feels the governor made a mistake in his choice.

One of the most emphatic reasons pointing to the wisdom of the Lake county bar backing Mr. Edwards, is seen in the indisputable fact, that, among the several candidates for the place, he is conceded to be the only man who can retain the judgeship in this county when the matter is put to a vote by the people of the seventeenth district.

When Judge Edwards takes the stand at the beginning of the October term he will face some of the biggest cases ever brought into the court in Lake county. Injunction matters of the importance will be presented for his judgment and suits involving large sums of money will be carried to his court for him to make the final decision over.

Claire C. Edwards is a native of Lake county, having been born in the Town of Avon near Grayslake, August 31st, 1876. His father, Henry C. Edwards was for many years one of the most prominent members of the Board of Supervisors. Mr. Edwards' career is that of a typical western lawyer. He attended the common schools of Lake county, later graduated from the Northern Indiana Normal school at Valparaiso, spent one year at Northwestern University and one year at Wheaton college, Ill. In 1897 he became a student of the night school of the Chicago law school graduating from that institution in 1900. During the entire period of his school training, Mr. Edwards worked his way through preparatory school, college and professional school. Upon his admission to the bar, Mr. Edwards practised for a short time in Grayslake. He then moved to the county seat and has practised in Waukegan for the past fourteen years.

Was 85 Year Old

The death of Martin Abbott, which occurred at his home, 623 Julian street, Waukegan at 9:30 Saturday evening has robbed the city of one of its most venerated patriarchs. The respected pioneer resident succumbed after many weeks of illness following an attack of paralysis.

For over 56 years, Mr. Abbott was a resident of Waukegan and for nearly fifty years he was one of the city's most prominent merchants, having conducted a grocery establishment on Genesee street for that length of time. He was also prominent in politics and was selected in the year of 1891 as a member of the city council from the third ward.

ROBT. J. INGALLS WELL KNOWN JEWELER PASSED AWAY

Robert J. Ingalls, 40 years old, passed away Sunday morning about nine o'clock at his home, corner of Sheridan Road and Cory avenue Waukegan, following an illness of several weeks. His death was not unexpected as it had been known for the last few weeks that he could not live. Nevertheless his death comes as a complete shock for he was one of the city's best known and most popular business men.

He was a son of the late Joseph French Ingalls, who established a jewelry store in that city. He was in Waukegan May 9 1874. He was educated in the Waukegan schools. When the Spanish American war broke out he was employed by his brother, Charles F. Ingalls who had continued the business launched by his father.

At the close of the war he returned to Waukegan and soon afterward left for Lead City, S. D. near the city of Deadwood. There he opened a jewelry store. About a year later he returned to Waukegan and was united in marriage to Miss Emilie Murry. He took his wife to Lead City and continued in business there for a year longer. Then he disposed of his store and returned to Waukegan where he became a partner of his brother in the jewelry business under the firm name of C. F. Ingalls and brother. Not so very long ago the name of the firm was changed to Ingalls Brothers.

A few years ago the first Mrs. Ingalls died. A year ago last Thursday Mr. Ingalls married Miss Ella Mackness. He leaves besides his widow, a child by his first wife and an infant born a few weeks ago while he was ill in the Chicago hospital. He also leaves three brothers, Charles, James, and Guy.

First Number of Entertainment

In announcing the Royal Hungarian Orchestra, the entertainment course committee of Antioch, feel they have secured one of the best organizations that has ever appeared in their city.

The orchestra is composed of first and second violins, viola, cello, flute and the Hungarian Cymbal.

In addition to this one of the star features in the program of the Royal Hungarian orchestra is Madam DelRey the famous operatic soprano, and Antioch will undoubtedly be the last lyceum engagement in which Madam DelRey will appear this season, as she is contracted to begin rehearsals the week beginning October 5, with the Chicago Operatic company.

The program rendered by the Royal Hungarian orchestra, is varied and it is not necessary that one be a finished musician in order to appreciate it. Prof. Fleischman, being a finished leader, and a composer of merit, is one of the greatest flute soloists in this country, he is an authority on this style of program, arranged to please a mixed audience.

This is a guaranteed attraction in every sense of the word and the entertainment course committee of Antioch take great pleasure in announcing the Royal Hungarian orchestra as their first number on their entertainment course to be held on Tuesday evening, October 6.

The Principal Difference.

The principal difference between a man and a woman is that the woman doesn't forget that she will have to think of it the next day.

News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class, newsy paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate becomes effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

SEVEN CASES OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS

In the City of Waukegan at the Present Time

MUCH ALARM IS CAUSED

Throat Spray Should be Used at Least Three Times a Day Is Advice of Physicians

The number of cases of infantile paralysis in Waukegan now numbers seven including a case of spinal meningitis. Otherwise there is little change in the situation over Tuesday. The strictest kind of a quarantine is being maintained.

Physicians visited the Lincoln and McAlister schools on Tuesday and caused them to be fumigated Thursday. In addition the pupils in these two schools will undergo a strict medical examination to determine whether there are any of them showing symptoms of the disease. If any are found they will be taken from school and kept under strict surveillance to see if any other symptoms appear.

City Physician Foley says it is impossible to tell how the cases were contracted. He says that while it is possible they may have been contracted from patients at Highland Park or other north shore towns where the disease exists there is no way to be sure of it. An encouraging sign is that no new cases of the disease have occurred within the last few days, all the cases being one or two weeks old.

This however, according to Dr. Foley should not result in people being less cautious. He urges people to exercise the greatest care to see that no more cases develop.

The advisability of closing schools is being considered in Waukegan the same as in other cities where the disease has appeared but in the opinion of Dr. Foley this course would not be advisable unless the number of cases increases. He thinks the cases can be watched better while children are in school than they could if they were running the streets.

A Preventative Measure—In view of the threatened epidemic of infantile paralysis in the city, causing much concern for the welfare of the children.

"Use a spray of some good antiseptic. Glyco thymoline, diluted one-half with boiled water may be used; or 15 drops of carbolic acid in four ounces of boiled water in a good atomizer, three or four times a day.

"As the disease-producing virus or germ is supposed to enter through the nose or throat, both nose and throat should be well sprayed."

Bitten By Tarantula

While assisting at the grocery store of her husband at 5:15 o'clock Friday evening, Mrs. Axel Lybeck, residing at 1220 Lenox avenue, Waukegan, placed her hand on a large bunch of bananas and started to pull several pieces of the fruit from the bunch. She had merely closed her fingers around the bananas when she suddenly felt a stinging sensation in the end of the forefinger on her right hand. She jerked her hand away. A large tarantula fell from the bananas to the floor. Mrs. Lybeck then realized that she had been bitten by the deadly insect.

Her husband who was in the store at the time, hastily rushed to his wife's side and grasping her arm he quickly tied a handkerchief around it near the elbow. Then a physician was hastily summoned.

By the time the physician, Dr. Belows arrived some minutes later the wound had become swollen and blackened, but an examination by the physician proved the wound was not of serious features. The deadly work of the insect being counteracted by the hasty work of the husband in stopping the circulation of blood through the arm.

Voice From Elba.

The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

ARE LAKE CO. FARMERS VICTIMS?

Clever Swindler Said to be Working Kenosha Farmers

WARNS LAKE CO. FARMERS

A Swindler Representing Himself as a Nursery Man Will Try To Sell You a Seedless Raspberry Bush

Lake county farmers should take heed of advice that has been sent to all farmers in Kenosha county from the state agricultural department at Madison in which they are warned to be on the lookout for a man who, representing himself as an expert nursery man, has offered to sell the residents of rural districts a seedless raspberry bush. The following article printed in the Kenosha Evening News should be read by all farmers in the county as the swindlers may see fit to come into this county and work their game.

If a man tries to sell you a seedless raspberry bush call up the police department at once. It is claimed that a band of swindlers have been working in the neighborhood of Kenosha and that their prize offering is a seedless raspberry bush. Their workings have evidently been going on for sometime as the facts in regard to them have reached the state bureau at Madison and letters have been sent to Kenosha asking that the people aid in securing the arrest of these swindlers. J. G. Sanders nursery inspector for the University of Wisconsin, has issued a signed statement in which he declares that the seedless raspberry is a fake pure and simple and that there is nothing known to fruit growers of this variety of berry. He alleges that this swindle has been worked all over Southern Wisconsin and that hundreds of farmers and people in cities of this section of the state have been led to pay fancy prices for the bushes. The state department is planning to prosecute all agents found attempting to swindle the people by offering these bushes for sale and the state officials are hopeful that Kenosha county can furnish the information by which these men can be indicted.

Kenosha county has for years been the happy hunting ground for swindling nursery agents. Fortunes have been made in the growing of garden truck and small fruits and for this reason the farmers appear to be particularly suited for the working of the fake agents. All sorts of shrubs and vines and bushes are offered for sale in this county and for the most part the plants, for which high prices have been demanded have been found to be fakes. Repeated complaints have been made to the state department from Kenosha county, but there has been no prosecutions. This is the season of the year that the nursery agents get in their most effective work and it will be a good thing to give these men a very close inspection. The officials at Madison declare that Kenosha people can be of real service to the people of the entire state by securing the arrest and prosecution of the man who has been swindling people in the past few years.

Mail Order Man Dies

From the position of a railway telegraph operator at 17 to the head of one of the world's greatest mail order houses when he retired with a fortune of \$20,000,000 at the age of 45 is a brief summary of the career of Richard Warren Sears, who died early Monday morning at the Still Rock Sanitarium, Waukegan, Wis. He was 51 years old.

Mr. Sears had been at the sanitarium for the last week only. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for a number of years and concluded a sanitarium stay would benefit him. Mrs. Sears spent Sunday with her husband and was with him when he died. It was unconscious for hours before he died. Mrs. Sears arrived in Chicago and notified her husband's former business associates, Julius Rosenwald, President and A. H. Loeb vice president of Sears, Roebuck and company.

BOOSTER MEETING OF REPUBLICANS WAS HELD SATURDAY

The Lake County Central Committee were hosts at a roast beef dinner given Saturday noon in the grill room of the Parish House. Committeemen from practically every precinct in the county were present, thirty-five sitting down to the spread. In addition to the committee there were a number of successful republican candidates.

The affair was in the nature of a booster meeting to bring the republicans of the county together in a closer bond of sympathy. From expressions made by those present it is very clear that the strength of the Republican party is as great as ever and at the coming election in November Lake county again will step into the lead as the banner republican county of the state.

All those present expressed the greatest confidence in the prospects. Some of the older ones present recalled the many years of their allegiance to the G. O. P. and did not hesitate to declare that the prospects never looked brighter than at present. They predict a sweeping Republican victory.

The dinner proved such a success that it was decided to hold a similar affair in the same hall next Saturday at the same hour. At that time not only the precinct committeemen and the successful republican candidates will be present but also the defeated candidates as it is felt their assistance is needed in restoring the republican party to its former prestige.

Among the candidates present at the dinner was former Congressman Foss. Mr. Foss gave a short talk in which he expressed optimism.

The ladies of the O. E. S. served the dinner and were tendered a vote of thanks for their splendid efforts.

ALLENDALE FARM REPORTS CONDITIONS VERY PROSPEROUS

Trustees and officers of the Allendale association, which maintains the Allendale Farm and School for Boys at Lake Villa, were encouraged when the treasurer's report was read Friday at the monthly business meeting at the City Club. It had been feared that war conditions might cause a large deficit.

"The elective system prevails at the school this year," said Director Bradley. "The boys decide whether they will study Latin or agriculture. We are also developing vocational work. Many boys who had completed the regular course remained during the summer to take post-graduate work in farming, carpenter work and plumbing."

Eighty-three boys, recruited largely from the settlement districts of Chicago, are exchanging labor for an education at the Allendale institution.

Competition in athletics has been stimulated by organizing the student into three clubs—Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

Notice

A notice to bidders for construction of hard roads.

The time for receiving bids for graveling the Hickory road, as per notice stated September 7, 1914, has been extended to Saturday, October 30, 1914, at 2 p. m.

By order of Highway Commissioners. C. F. Richards, Town Clerk.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Did you ever think as you strive for gold That a dead man's hand a dollar can't hold You may pinch and tug, strive and save, But you'll never call when you rest in the grave.

Did you ever think as the house goes by, That it won't be long till you won't I Go riding out in the big planned hack, And never remembering coming back.

Then while you are here do all the good you can, To all the people you can, in all the ways you can. So that you may be known as

A Prince Among Men

WOMAN IS DROWNED AT ROUND LAKE

While Fishing at Round Lake Last Friday Chicago Woman Overturns Boat

EXCITED IN CATCHING FISH

Mrs. Adams and Her Husband Had Staying at Round Lake for a Days Outing

Excitement over the catch of a small fish on her line, caused the overturning of the boat, and the subsequent drowning of Mrs. Wm. Adams, aged 50 of 3320 North Seeley street, Chicago, at Round Lake Friday morning. A peculiar feature of the accident was that her body never below the surface of the lake, but instead, floated about on the surface, the time that the boat overturned the arrival of rescuers.

Mrs. Adams, together with her husband Wm. Adams, who is employed as an electrician by the firm of Dem Bros., 712 Federal street, Chicago, came to Round Lake Thursday morning for a day's outing.

Friday morning about 8 o'clock they decided to go fishing. Securing a boat they rowed to a point about 200 feet of shore where they cast their lines.

They had fished for some time neither experiencing any luck. However, Mr. Adams had succeeded in catching three small fish. Mrs. Adams was not as successful. She had caught none, but she made a firm resolve to catch one before her husband caught another. She upheld her declaration for a few moments later the cork on the line bobbed and she jerked the line out of the water. At the end of the line was a small fish. She cried triumphantly to her husband to look. As she did so she raised to her feet in the boat. The sudden motion over turned the boat.

In another moment the couple were struggling in the chilling water. The husband grasped his wife, and helped her to the side of the overturned boat, neither could swim, but their incessant struggles kept them from slipping under the waves.

For a long time it seemed to them they elung to the boat and called loudly for help. The boat kept turning about and finally their hands grew numb from the constant strain of holding to the sides of the craft. Both slipped away. The husband managed to keep his head above the water. The wife continued her struggles to keep her head afloat. Soon her struggles seemed to cease. Still the body floated. The husband continued his efforts.

Three employees at the Armour ice house heard faint cries for help coming across the surface of the lake and looking out they saw the overturned boat and bodies in the water. One of the men, Frank Brownsky, leaped into a skiff and began rowing to the rescue of the couple. He was followed by Peter Thompson and Paul Tobe in a row boat.

When the rescuers arrived the husband was on the point of giving up his struggle. The boat rowed by Brownsky was the first to reach the scene. The boatman averted the boat around and told the man to grasp the stern. Then Brownsky started to help the exhausted man into the boat. About that time the other boat arrived.

As the rescuers grasped the man, he began pleading:

"Save my wife, don't mind me, don't mind me."

The two men then secured the body of the woman which was floating about on the water.

The boats then made for the shore where the work of reviving Mrs. Adams began, but it was found that it was useless. Life was apparently extinct.

Deputy Coroner Conrad was called to preside over the inquest which was held at Round Lake. The verdict of the coroner's jury was accidental death.

During the inquest the husband plainly showed his emotion and once stated: "I wish it were me that they were holding the inquest over instead of my dear wife."

Therefore, Proceed Slowly. Everyone is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example.—Plato.

DEFINITE RESULT OF THE CONFLICTS SEEMS AFAR OFF

Series of Battles Along the Aisne
Continues, With Neither Side
Gaining Much.

FRANCE INSISTS THAT ALL GER-
MAN ATTEMPTS ON ALLIED
LINES HAVE FAILED.

Fighting at Many Points Almost Hand
to Hand—Official Dispatches From
Berlin and France Are Optimistic in
Tone—Ambassador Herrick Near
Death—Other War News.

Washington, Sept. 29.—For three long days without cessation the Germans have hurled their masses against the French and English along the entire front in northern France. The French official view is that these operations, the fiercest that have yet taken place, are by high command, meaning possibly direct instructions from the emperor himself.

Their purpose has been to break through the allied lines, but both French and British official reports say that they have failed. From Paris it is announced that not only have the Germans not been able to achieve their object, but they have lost a flag, guns, and men in the attempt.

French Lines Fiercely Assailed.
On the Battle Front, via Paris, Sept. 29.—Desperate attempts of the Germans to break through the western end of the allied army and stop the turning movement in the most furious fighting of the whole campaign.

Corps after corps of the Germans were hurled against the flower of the French and English armies in bayonet charges, only to be thrown back with enormous losses.

The engagement extended over nearly two-thirds of the whole battle front and even where the charges were not made the fighting by the millions of troops was almost hand to hand, as the two lines are only a few hundred yards apart.

The infantry bore the brunt of the incessant fighting, but the artillery of both armies continued throughout 24 hours to bombard each other's positions.

Germans Admit Allied Gains.
London, Sept. 29.—The great battle in France turned into desperate fighting at close quarters on nearly two-thirds of the whole line.

The official dispatches given out in Paris and Berlin are both optimistic in tone. The messages from Paris say that the allies have "made marked progress" in the left wing, which is attempting a turning movement around the German right. These dispatches assert that the vicious counter-attacks of the Germans have been repulsed with enormous losses.

From Berlin there comes the first

official announcement which in any way admits that the allies are getting the better of the contest. The statement issued from the German headquarters, while insisting the allies' attack has been repulsed, still referred to it as an advance.

Neither army has achieved anything notable since the allies have reported progress in one direction. The allies at one point claim to have thrown back a desperate advance by the crack Prussian guard, and the Germans insist that, with a weaker force, their right has checked the advance of a mixed French and British force brought up by rail.

Germans Occupy Cracow.
"That Cracow has been occupied by German troops, that the town has been put under a German military commandant and that the Austrian civil administration has been displaced is the gist of the latest advices received here," says the Petrograd correspondent of the London Morning Post.

"All the original administration of the town and all civil officials of the Austrian government have left and the residents are fleeing in panic."

"The leaders of the Polish secret committee, which has been in charge of all the Polish volunteer detachments fighting on the Austrian side, also have left Cracow. The Germans have thrown three army corps into the Cracow district, according to this information, and are bringing more troops in preparation for the expected Russian attack."

"Word has been received at London that Germany has stopped all traffic on the railways between Berlin and the German Baltic ports of Danzig, Elbing and Stettin. This news has set experts to figuring on the possibility of a German descent on Russian territory by way of the Baltic."

OFFICIALS CLOSE TO DEATH

Ambassador Herrick and a Secretary
Just Escaped Aviator's Bomb—
Other News of the War.

The latest exploit of the German air forces nearly created vacancies in the United States diplomatic service, says a Paris dispatch.

A Taube aeroplane, profiling by the autumnal haze, flew over Paris until it was nearly above the Eiffel tower. There it dropped a bomb, which fell in the Avenue du Trocadero, making a hole in the macadam roadway.

The spot where the bomb exploded was 200 yards from the chancellery of the American embassy, at 5 Rue de Chailot. Ambassador Herrick and Arthur H. Frazer, the second secretary of the embassy, walked over the spot where the bomb exploded at 10:30 on their way to the chancellery, and, returning in an open motor car, passed over the same point at 11:10, thereby missing the bomb by five minutes.

Three other bombs fell into the Trocadero section. The first bomb dropped the one which landed in Avenue du Trocadero, wrought havoc. A few feet away the facade of the prince of Monaco's mansion was shattered by grape shot from the exploded

bomb. The mansion was unoccupied.

Prepare for Antwerp Siege.
The London Weekly Observer prints this dispatch from its Antwerp correspondent:

"It is daily becoming more apparent that the Germans are preparing for a siege of Antwerp. Aviators have brought information to the effect that the Germans are entrenched ten or twelve miles beyond the outer line of fortresses and are merely biding their time."

AMMUNITION FOR RUSSIANS



Cartload of ammunition for the Russian soldiers, guarded by a squad of soldiers.

Their heavy guns are being brought up, which takes considerable time. The projectiles used in these guns weigh 2,500 pounds.

The authorities calculate that the Germans must be prepared to lose 100,000 in killed and 400,000 wounded, which they probably know, as Antwerp is infested with spies."

Germans Report Heavy Losses.

The total German casualties in dead, wounded and missing, as officially reported at Berlin to date, are 104,589. The last casualty list announced adds a total of 10,527 casualties to those previously announced. The total casualty list is made up as follows: Dead, 15,674; wounded, 65,903; missing, 23,007.

Przemysl Occupied by Russ.

The Russians are in Przemysl. The Austrian garrison has been obliged to concentrate exclusively in the eastern forts, and, with the triumphant entrance of the Russians into the city itself, great numbers of the inhabitants followed the Austrian soldiers and took refuge in the forts. For the garrison to hold for many days is considered almost a military impossibility.

Asiatic Cholera in Vienna.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company at London from Rome says a message received there from Vienna states that government bacteriologists have definitely established the presence of Asiatic cholera among the 70,000 wounded in the hospitals of Vienna.

Aviators Close to England.

German aviators, flying within sight of England, continued their attack on French coast cities and added to the apprehension felt at London that English cities soon may become the targets of their bombs. The attack was made on Boulogne, just across from England, at about the narrowest part of the channel. About noon Saturday a German aeroplane flew over the city and dropped a bomb into a shipbuilding yard. Little property damage was done and no one was injured.

The German liner Amstelwijk has been captured by a British cruiser and taken to Queenstown.

One Shot Fired at Cathedral.

The Marconi company of London has received the following wireless from Berlin: "The main army headquarters reports that one mortar shot only was fired by the Germans at the Reims cathedral because it was otherwise impossible to drive away the enemy's observation post mounted on the structure."

Brave Deed of Highlander.

A London Daily Mail dispatch from the battle front in France says that during the fighting at Solissons one Highlander carried a Maxim gun whose crew had been killed across a bridge and all alone opened fire on the enemy, who broke and fled before the hail of bullets. The Highlander fell dead from 20 wounds.

Belgium Rejects German Peace Offer.

The Belgian foreign office says Germany has approached Belgium with another offer of peace terms, but that King Albert has definitely refused to consider them. It is announced that the German troops massed between Antwerp and Brussels have been attacked by a strong force of Belgians, who won the victory in a sharp fight, taking 800 prisoners and three guns.

Without cold storage the feeding of Great Britain today would be difficult indeed. As it is, the United Kingdom practically lives from hand to mouth. Any breakage in the wonderfully well organized system of supply and distribution would be calamitous, for the country never has more than ten days' stock on hand.

A nation is placed so precariously in this respect. No peril that threatens is greater to Great Britain than one that would break down the channels of communication.

ALLIES ARE GAINING

French and British Repulse Ger-
man Attacks on the
Center.

LONG BATTLE IS NEAR END?

Fighting on the Aisne Believed to Be
Entering Upon the Final Phase
—Prussian Guard Cut
to Pieces.

Paris, Sept. 30.—The French and British armies are advancing along the battle of the Aisne, having crossed the River Somme in the vicinity of Peronne.

On the Battle Front, via Paris, Sept. 30.—The allies are advancing in the battle of the Aisne, having crossed the River Somme in the vicinity of Peronne.

The Prussian Guard has been cut to pieces in the past few days. The Germans have made desperate attacks on the center, where the fighting has hitherto been an artillery duel. These attacks have been hurled back with enormous losses to each side.

Paris dispatches assert the battle is growing there that the battle now is entering on its final phase. Berlin aerograms, however, are just as positive that the battle is far from its finish. A dispatch from the German front to the Lokalanzeiger in Berlin from the past combats subordinate actions and declares that the allies' losses have been greater than those of the Teutons.

Slight advances are claimed for the French on the heights of the Meuse. In the Woery district, according to Paris statements, a dense fog has suspended warfare.

Steadily, foot by foot, General von Kluck's army is being driven back. The center of interest has shifted from the allies' center, where both sides were too strongly entrenched to allow any great offensive movement, to the allies' right wing.

The day's attack on the line between the Aisne and the Argonne marks the last point upon which the Kaiser has tried, by means of concentrated assaults upon each strategic point on the hundred-mile front, to turn the tide of battle. According to dispatches from the front, the day's attempt was the most violent of the war. Column after column was pushed forward, despite the devastating fire from well-placed French batteries. Passing through this, the attacking forces were met by French, who, aided by their Turco comrades, successfully held their positions.

The tactics of the opposing general staff, as shown by reports from the front, remain unchanged. Frantic blows, delivered by the German forces first at one point, then another, on a line from the River Aisne to the Argonne forest, to pierce the French front, and thus relieve the harassed German right wing from its peril, failed. The allies continued their enveloping movement against Von Kluck's slowly bending front, and while no pronounced successes are claimed, every indication is that perceptible progress has resulted.

Russ Pursue Fleeing Foe.

London, Sept. 30.—The Austrian army of Galicia is now divided in three parts. One part is bottled up and bombarded in the remaining forts of Przemysl, and another fort there was captured during the day, rendering the situation of the garrison more precarious than ever.

Another division of the Austrians is retreating across the Carpathian mountains into Hungary, closely pursued by the Russians. And the rest, excepting those who are fighting Serbians in the southern part of the empire, are retreating to Cracow.

It is officially announced that a great battle has apparently commenced between the Germans and the Russians along the line of the railroad just inside the East Prussian frontier. The battle line extends from far to the north of Eydtkuhnen through Goldapp to Lyck. The Germans are declared to be strongly entrenched and heavily re-enforced.

The Central News dispatch from Petrograd sums up the Austrian situation as follows:

"The right wing of the Austrians has been driven back beyond the Carpathians into Hungary. The Austrian debacle is complete. The Austrians left has retreated to Cracow. The Przemysl garrison's situation is reported to be desperate."

The general direction of the Russian maneuvers in Galicia continues to menace about equally the cities of Vienna and Berlin. The next objective, of necessity, is Cracow, from which strategic point an army may be launched with equal facility against the German or the Austrian capital.

Rush of Ulster Recruits to War.

Belfast, Sept. 30.—The formation of the Ulster division of Lord Kitchener's army is causing the greatest animation in this city. Recruits are steadily appearing from all directions and contingents of volunteers are continually leaving for various camps in the north, where they are receiving their final training and equipment before entering active service. The camps that up to the present time have received the greatest number are those at Hallykintier, Newcastle and Olanedoboyne.

HORRORS OF THE WAR AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENT ON BATTLEFIELD

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

Correspondent of the Chicago News.
London.—Moving stories of the ruin and agony of war in central Belgium have been told me by M. A. McKenzie, editor of the London Weekly Times, best known for his work as a correspondent in the Japanese war and the Russian revolution. Obviously McKenzie spoke honestly in every word he uttered, and like every other experienced war correspondent from Belgium and France I have interviewed he was unable to describe what he witnessed without an occasional reddening of the eyes and faltering of the voice.

"I have seen savage war in many lands," said Mr. McKenzie, "but never before anything like that which Belgium shows was done there. Oriental armies in the hour of victory or Russian troops when reluctantly suppressing internal rebellion were mild and merciful compared with the treatment given to this people."

"The German plan of terrorism was carefully calculated and Germany does not deny this. Its aim is not alone to prevent people from attempting to break the lines of communication in Belgium, but even more so to alarm the neighboring Dutch peasantry that Holland would not join the allies."

Burning of Belgian Towns.

"The German excuse is that the burning of Belgian towns and villages was done only as a punishment for attacks by civilians. Yet in case after case entire districts were burned out apparently because of the stubborn resistance offered by the Belgian army. Take, for example, Belle, a place four miles from Ghent. Here a little force of 500 Belgian volunteers with two cannon successfully held up several thousand Germans for two hours and made them pay heavily in life before the defenders retired."

"When the Germans entered the town there was no resistance by the villagers, who knew too well what their fate would be. The troops went into the houses and looted off the little stores of provisions. Officers occupied the largest buildings in the village, the home of a lawyer, a comfortable three-story building. The lawyer's wife anxiously gave them her best, but when the dinner was over the house was burned with 50 other small houses."

Graves in Front of Kitchens.

"I stood in the village street after the Germans had gone as it was marked by the burning ruins. I noticed that the graves of the victims had been dug sometimes in front of their own kitchen doors. I had to ask myself whether the whole thing was not a fevered dream. The only crime of these people was that their village had been the scene of a battle in which several German officers had been shot."

"I entered the ruins of a farmhouse, where the eldest son, a lad of nineteen, had been shot before his mother and father's eyes, because the Germans thought he was old enough to be a soldier. The house was burned so thoroughly that not a dish, not a scrap of wood and not an article worth five cents remained. A child had been killed close by, possibly by accident. With home gone, crops ruined and the eldest son dead, the family was so stupefied with grief that they scarcely could reply to my questions. "Down the roadway I could see mothers coming back, gazing distractedly at the ruins of their old homes, seeking for husbands and sons, fearing to ask for their daughters and in some cases looking for their babies and finding them in the ashes of death."

While Termonde Burned.

"Not long afterward I stood in one of the few houses left in Termonde. German officers also made this their headquarters during the sack of the town, and they had marked on the list—the writing still remained—directions that the house was to be spared. While Termonde was burning they made holiday here. They found a gramophone and plenty of champagne. They seated themselves in the garden, played tunes, sang and drank to the crackling chorus of 1,000 burning houses. A woman who witnessed the feast said to me: 'These Germans are veritably without hearts.'"

"When the officers had gone the camp followers, who acted as orderlies and hangers-on around the army, burst open the door and ravaged the house. Every window was broken, almost every bit of glass shattered, the furniture smashed, drawers pulled out and emptied, desks ransacked and cupboards laid bare. In the day nursery a children's toy dresser was forced open and rummaged. The playthings were thrown all around the nursery and books were torn and hurled to different parts of the room. Everywhere in the house the Germans wrought havoc overtly for the sheer pleasure of destroying."

FRENCH SOCIALISTS SEE WAR FOR HUMAN LIBERTY

Bordeaux.—The attitude of the French Socialists towards the war is defined in the newspaper La Franco by a Socialist:

"Internationalism," he writes, "never meant the suppression of nationalities but an understanding between the nations, which naturally presupposes their existence. Socialists realize that victory for Germany would be followed by a rule of saber and spurred

"I went to the Termonde art gallery, which a month ago was the pride of the district. Then it had a fine collection of Flemish pictures, now the entrance, corridors, and various rooms are a mass of charred woodwork, with here and there a head of a statuette or plaster cast left. One of the chiefs of the gallery came in while I was there and gazed at the wreck of the place which had been his life's pride. With clenched fists he cried, 'Canaille Canaille!'"

This Wrongs of the People.

"Termonde is a city of ghosts. It seemed impossible that street after street of crumbling ruins could a week before have been a busy, pleasant, prosperous Belgian town. There was the church of the Bonedictine fathers with the roof off and the interior gutted and burnt. All that was left of a massive oak door were the iron hinges. Still standing in place was the religious statue, which had been deliberately shattered with the butts of rifles before the place was set on fire. I noticed the figures at the stations of the cross with the heads of Mary, the Christ, and the attendant crowds smashed in."

"Melle and Termonde are typical of a large part of the country, but there are no exceptions. In some places the German soldiers carried out their orders to destroy houses with evident reluctance and did no more than they were ordered to do. Apart from burning houses they behaved with mercy and kindness. In other places I found that the troops and followed the burning with a policy of deliberate outrage—a policy which I believe the German people, if they could understand it, would repudiate and denounce."

"The most painful side of the business was the innumerable accounts of wholesale outrages against women, young girls and even children. One responsible official told me of some of the horrors and he was almost in tears as he spoke. 'Of these cases,' he said, 'we can tell, but of most of them we can never learn anything. Often outrage was followed by murder and often, too, a woman hides her shame.'"

The Policy of Terrorism.

"Where does the responsibility for these things lie? They are the direct outcome of the policy of the German general staff, which decided on a policy of terror. It should be known that soldiers employed in burning and looting are bound in part to get out of hand and follow the burning and looting with outrages that make all humanity recoil. But the Germans have defeated their own purpose. Out of the grief, agony and loss of the little people a new nation is arising. Two months ago Belgium lacked unity, and apparently all those great, inspiring forces which make a race supreme. Germany has given her these. The people are being made great and strong by suffering."

"As I went among the Belgian armies during my journey I saw soldiers often poorly armed, unsuitably dressed and not over well organized, resisting great German regiments and my heart went out to them. Cheery and unafraid, the officers and men greeted one everywhere. It was splendid beyond words."

Now Winter Is at Hand.

"I wish I could say something that would bring home to the sympathetic and kindly American people the real need of Belgium. Today tens of thousands are still living torn from their homes and in sore distress. England is looking after many, but vast numbers remain without shelter, with little food and with everything gone. Winter is on them and unless something is done the frosts and snows of the coming weeks, the lack of food and the absence of clothing will complete the work the Germans began."

"I may seem to speak strongly. I tell you that any decent man who saw the starvation of cruelty and massed in that devastated land could not well say less."

German Schoolboys at Front.

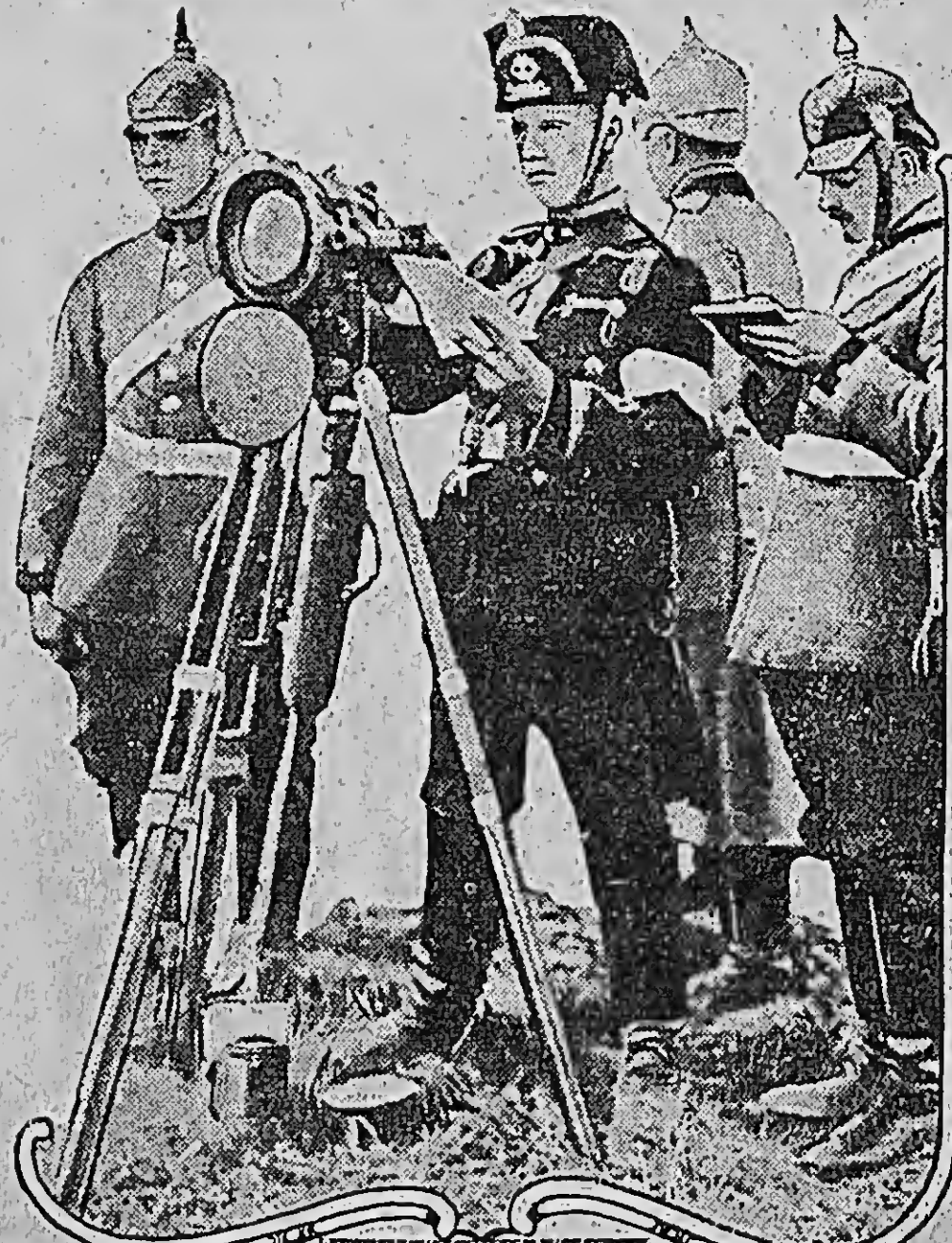
London.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company from Bordeaux asserts that boys under sixteen years old are fighting in the German ranks. The correspondent declares he saw one wounded in the Bordeaux hospital whose age was fifteen years and nine months and who told him that all pupils at school over fifteen had been mobilized and placed in different regiments."

Death for Selling Newspapers.

London.—The German military governor of Brussels," says the Exchange Telegraph's Ostend correspondent, "threatens to shoot all vendors or other persons possessed of Belgian or English newspapers." German papers and some Dutch papers of pronounced German sympathies alone are permitted."

heel in Europe, while a triumph for France would mean a German republic in Austria, a republic in Hungary, and an end to European militarism. It would mean peace assured and all roads to progress opened. "The war for us is something more than a struggle for our sacred national independence; it is the barricade on which we fight for the progress of humanity. That is why we have abandoned everything for national defense."

HELIOGRAPHER OF THE CROWN PRINCE



Heliographer of the famous "Death's Head" regiment, commanded by the German crown prince, sending dispatches to the troops on the battlefield.

WHERE ENGLAND IS WEAK

Islands Have to Rely Upon Other
Countries for Their Food
Supplies.

For foodstuffs imported Great Britain pays in excess of \$1,350,000,000 a year—nearly \$4,000,000 a day. John Bull pays tribute to the rest of the world for everything he eats for his best bread, his vegetables, his meat, his butter, says the People.

stuffs he paid \$175,000,000 to the Argentine, \$165,000,000 to the United States, \$125,000,000 to India, \$105,000,000 to Denmark, \$100,000,000 to Canada, \$85,000,000 to Russia, \$7,000,000 to Holland, \$65,000,000 to Australia, \$50,000,000 to Germany, \$45,000,000 to New Zealand and \$45,000,000 to France. Each year Great Britain's production of food shows a decline. Each year with increase of population, the levy upon the outside world for supplies becomes greater. There is no question of the globe that is not drawn

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

WILMOT

L. Owen of Burlington was here on Friday.

Myrtle Susenbech was a Burlington shopper Tuesday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Figel last Wednesday.

A. H. Kruckman was a Kenosha passenger Thursday.

Clarence Wright was in Burlington Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Kass of Bristol were Wilmot visitors Sunday.

Mr. Hood of Woodstock was a business caller here Wednesday.

L. Hegeman and family motored to Kenosha last Saturday.

Nearly fifty attended the society at Mrs. Kinrade's Saturday.

Harry Smith and family of Pittsburg, Penn., are visiting friends here.

Miss Susie Reynolds entertained company from out of town Sunday.

Alfred Reynolds and wife entertained relatives from Beloit Sunday.

Miss Lelah Kennedy attended a wedding at McHenry last Sunday.

Mrs. Fowler of Burlington is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vaughn here.

Mr. Webb of Richmond motored to Wilmot Tuesday with Mr. Hunt.

Misses Eva Darby and Lillian Panknin were Grayslake visitors Saturday.

Fred Luke of Kenosha moved his family here for the winter Wednesday.

Mr. Carey and family and Mrs. Holt-dorf motored to Burlington Thursday.

Quite a few of our young people attended the dance at Silverlake Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner and Mr. and Mrs. Winchell motored to Fox Lake on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn motored to Burlington Sunday.

Mrs. Shales and Mrs. Chinn of Antioch attended Mrs. Kinrade's society Saturday.

Miss Vera Christensen returned to her home in Chicago Friday after spending a week with friends here.

Rev. and Mrs. Jedel and Mr. and Mrs. Karns spent Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Wienke at Brighton.

The telephone exchange will be moved this fall into the Tom Loftus home. The linemen will begin work at once.

Walter Carey has completed the arrangements for lighting the town with electric lights and has built an addition to the Fox River mill. Work on the lines will soon begin.

Word was received here last Thursday of the death of Joe Marsh of Osage, Kansas. His death was caused by heart failure, being sick only a few hours. He lived here for twelve years. A few years ago he decided to move to Kansas. Mr. Marsh was a brother of Mrs. Fred Faulkner of this place. His many friends here extend sympathy.

Miss Mabel Harin and Henry Gauger were married Thursday morning at the German Lutheran church. Rev. Jedele officiating. A bountiful dinner was served at the home of the groom's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Gauger departed that afternoon for Chicago where they will visit relatives. Their many friends extend best wishes.

SILVER LAKE

Walter Crane and family Sundayed here.

Mrs. Wallace Dahyons was here last Thursday.

R. Goodman has moved here from Wilmot.

John Salvin of Oshkosh, was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Walberg of Menomonee, Wis., was here last week.

Ben Prosser is having dental work done in Antioch.

Emil and Albertine Johnson spent Sunday at Powers Lake.

Mrs. Fred Willett and daughters and Mrs. Chas. Runyard spent Thursday at Mrs. Selby's.

The two week's old son of Ivan Smith and wife died Sunday and was buried Tuesday in Salem Mound cemetery.

A basket social and card party will be given by the young people of Holy Name church of Wilmot at the Silverlake resort hall on Tuesday evening, October 6. Everyone invited.

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Bert Hooper is entertaining her sister.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Koelstra on last Wednesday a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Poulton entertained friends from Zion City Sunday.

Mrs. Jane Palmer is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. Thayer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Manzer are enjoying a week's vacation by taking an auto trip to Ottawa.

Chas. Keller, now has a chef in his restaurant and is prepared to serve meals at short notice.

While shingling Mrs. Hughes' house last week, the carpenters found a hive of bees and nearly a hundred pounds of honey.

Mrs. Grace Ballou of Chicago and Mrs. L. Young of Cleveland, Ohio, visited relatives here the first of the week.

Walter Daniels spent the first of the week with friends in Waukegan and Zion City. Ask him how he likes the walking from Zion City.

Mrs. Kepple, who is in the McAllister hospital in Waukegan was not so well for a few days, but her many friends will be glad to know that she is better.

The Ladies Aid society will hold its annual election of officers and picnic dinner with Mrs. Herbert Nelson at Monaville on Wednesday, Oct. 7. All are cordially invited and a pleasant time assured.

The Royal Neighbor banquet given Tuesday by the losing side in the late contest was well attended and much enjoyed. Visitors from Grayslake camp were entertained.

Owing to the ill health of Mr. Potter, he has given up the depot restaurant for a time and Aleck Hansen, well known to Lake Villa people, as he has been in Mr. Potter's employ for some time, will have charge.

Mr. Johnson, who has suffered from a cancer for sometime passed away on Monday evening at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. VanPatten. We extend sympathy to Mrs. VanPatten.

E. L. Wald and wife visited Burlington relatives several days last week, returning Friday accompanied by Mr. Wald's sisters for a short stay.

Albert Kapple lost a purse containing nearly \$50 on the road between M. Kapple's at Rollins and Hainesville on Sunday, but luckily a Waukegan man found it near Rollins and returned it to the owner.

SALEM

A crowd from here attended the Elkhorn fair.

H. Mutter and wife, autoed to Kenosha Friday.

J. Schlax and wife visited in Brighton Sunday.

Lura Gerr is attending school at Woodworth.

Miss Pearl Sanborn of Kenosha visited here Sunday.

Ira Smith of Chicago visited his parents here Sunday.

George Barhyte and wife of Chicago called here Monday.

Bela Foster of Roberts, Ill., visited relatives here last week.

A. Bloss who has been sick with rheumatism is on the gain.

Mrs. A. Burdick entertained her cousin from Illinois Monday.

A post card shower was given Mrs. A. Bassett Saturday in honor of her 83rd birthday.

C. Cornwell and wife have returned to M. Ackers from a visit with relatives at Hebron.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Shousheck autoed to Lake Forest Friday to see their sister who is very sick.

Elmer and Irma Smallfelt gave a party to a few of their friends Saturday in honor of their birthdays.

HICKORY

Frank King has an auto.

Corn cutting and silo filling seem to be the order of the day.

Rev. Stixrud will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday, Oct. 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Olsen entertained company from Chicago Sunday.

Geo. Edwards and wife of Waukegan spent Saturday with their son Bert and family.

(Continued on page eight)

Get Your Coal Now

Before the Advance in Price

Pittston Coal

Is Absolutely Guaranteed

I am closing out Patton's Sun Proof Paint at the following prices:

GALLONS	-	-	-	\$1.60
HALF GALLONS	-	-	-	80c.
QUARTS	-	-	-	40c.

F. J. HUNT
ANTIOCH, ILL.

Waukegan's Biggest, Brightest, Busiest, Best Store

SATURDAY

Waukegan's Imported Style Occasion of a Week Begins at

The **Globe** *DEPARTMENT STORE*

The Grand March Toward Quality and Style with an enormous diversified showing of the latest apparel for women, men and children commences on our Big Eighteenth Annual

Autumn Opening

A Fashion Event Which Will Have No Counterpart Hereabouts

The Globe's ambition has always been to be the biggest, the best, and the most efficient clothing store for style-loving women, men and children in this community, and we are confident that this fashion show will prove that we have attained the summit of our desire. A host of new things will be shown for their first.

The products of America's greatest and smartest clothes makers are side by side awaiting your pleasure, and you have the cream of their lines to choose from—in women's, men's or children's apparel. We have laid our plans well to conserve all tastes in presenting this exquisite assemblage. Those of limited means will find that we have done exceptionally well for them.

Coats A brilliant showing is this exhibit of new autumn coats aside from the handsome models we have received from Wooltex, a series of exclusive creations have been sent us from other makers as dependable.

We trust you will accept our invitation to visit us

Suits In suits—if not all through the lines of women's apparel—we have constantly been to the front with the smartest. Our windows have shown unprecedented examples.

Dresses Oh, how much might be said of the new dresses here, but, for lack of space, we must confine ourselves to an unjust description. The tunics are shown in a number effects, the redingote style also a favorite.



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LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 21.—The Committee declared butter at 29.

Seed corn dryers at Hunt's adv.
Fred Kinnrade and son spent Thursday at the Elkhorn fair.

Joe Dupre of Evanston spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mrs. Chas. Harden visited at Waukegan the fore part of the week.

Percy Hawkins is this week moving his family into the L. G. Paddock house.

Mrs. Geo. Paddock left on Thursday for Leesburg, Fla., to spend the winter.

Attorney Jas. Welch of Waukegan, transacted business in Antioch Wednesday.

For Sale—A large bay mare, weight 1400, age 14 years. Oetting Farm, Channel Lake. 4w adv

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Kelly and Mr. Ed. Myers spent Wednesday and Thursday in Chicago.

To the farmer bringing in the best three ears of corn grown this year, we will give away free one dozen sections of our seed corn dryer. F. J. Hunt, Antioch, Ill. adv

Charlie Mack of Chicago has again returned to Antioch and is back at his old place at the Simons house.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

Frank Hook and Don Smart returned Sunday evening from a short visit with relatives at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Miss Libbie Moore returned to her home here Sunday, after having spent the past two weeks in Chicago, where she attended the wedding of her niece, Miss Eleanor Moore, which occurred on September 16.

There will be a social at the M. E. church, Friday evening. Fine refreshments, home made candy booth, games and a good time for all. Given by Epworth League. The "Old Maids Convention" announced for this date has been postponed.

Just received a new supply of bug gies. Frank Hunt. adv

A black mare was stolen on Monday night about midnight from a farmer named Foote living at Half Day. The thief pulled a staple from the barn door and led the horse away. Sheriff Green was notified and although the surrounding country was notified no trace of the thief has been secured. This is the second theft in the county within a period of 24 hours.

The estate of the late Fred A. Busse former Mayor of Chicago, is to be sold to satisfy claims for taxes and interest on mortgages. Judge Gregg of the Probate Court at Chicago Tuesday granted to Mrs. Josephine L. Busse, the widow, through her attorney, Norman H. Pritchard permission as administratrix to sell the property. The personal property is insufficient to pay the claims.

Mrs. B. H. Overton has disposed of her drug business here to F. R. King of Waukegan who assumed charge on Monday of this week. Mr. King is a registered pharmacist with a number of years experience in this line of business and we predict that he will have no difficulty in holding the large patronage enjoyed by his predecessors. Mr. King comes here from Waukegan, the most of his business experience was gained in Chicago and he enters the business field here with the knowledge that he can capably serve the public in all its needs in his line of goods. Mr. King moved his family here this week and at the present time they are located in the rooms in the Bruckner flat.

"Pick It Up."

Habits formed in childhood are usually lasting. With that idea as a basis the playground and school authorities in Rochester have placed signs conspicuously located on the playgrounds on which are displayed these words, "Pick It Up." The idea is to have the children clear away the disorder they create during play before they leave the grounds. The plan is reported to have shown immediate results. It has been possible to dispense with the caretaker of the grounds. The boys and girls leave the grounds in perfect condition. No waste paper is left scattered about, no playthings are out of place, all is snuggled up for closing hours, the crowd of rollicking youngsters leave their playground. It is just as easy to teach children to be orderly as to be disorderly.

Only One Way to Tell.

Lillian, aged six, stole into the pantry and eagerly approached a sponge cake, which the cook had just taken from the oven. Cook asked: "How do you think it looks, Lillian?" "O," said Lillian disgustedly, "It looks all right, but you never can tell about that kind of a cake until you taste it."

J. H. McVey spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Fred Hembrook of Chetek, is visiting relatives here.

Wm. Hillebrand has been on the sick list this week.

Chas. Powies made a flying trip to Chetek, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bock are visiting relatives at Chetek, Wis.

Mrs. Fannie Millett of Lake Mills, Wis., is visiting relatives here.

Frank Wendorff moved his family to Chicago on Monday of this week.

Miss Bessie Bown is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bown in Waukegan.

If you do not go to the Crystal, Saturday evening you will miss something good.

Wanted—An apprentice girl. Apply to Miss Addie Schafer at the Antioch Millinery Store. adv

Lost—Between Antioch stores and the H. & R. garage a blanket shawl. Finder please leave same at garage.

Don't fail to hear the Hungarian orchestra at the M. E. church Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. Read about them elsewhere in this issue.

For Sale—One of the best 100 acre farms in Lake Villa town. Good buildings, water, fruit and berries and land first class. Inquire at this office.

Mrs. K. S. Craine and daughter of Chicago and Mrs. Wm. Brennan and daughter of Selon Mills visited at the Fred Kinnrade home over Sunday.

Pence service next Sunday morning at M. E. church. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. Stixrud. This will be the last Sunday before conference. Everybody invited.

There will be a big dance and oyster supper at Barnstables hall Lake Villa, Friday evening, Oct. 2. Morrell's orchestra will play the best and latest music.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's. adv

Phil Neiman, manufacturer of the famous El Rector cigar, was calling on his customers here the latter part of last week, and judging from the smile he carried away with him business was good.

Preparations are now nearly completed for the meeting of the Rock River conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, opens Oct. 6, in the Austin church, Chicago. Rev. Ladd Thomas pastor.

J. H. Harnly, Progressive candidate for Superintendent of Schools of Lake county was in Antioch Tuesday laying the foundation of a sweeping campaign which he hopes will land him in the coveted office when the votes are counted next November.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U., will be held in the M. E. church on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 7. All members are requested to be present as we are to welcome new members into the union. Margaret Pelter, Sec.

The Ladies Aid society will hold a business meeting for the election of officers for the next year, Wednesday, Oct. 7, at M. E. church. Supper served at 5 o'clock. Everybody invited. Susan Webb, First Vice Pres.

The funeral of the late Mr. Johnson who passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. David VanPatten, at Lake Villa on Monday, will be held at St. Peter's church at Antioch, Friday morning at eleven o'clock. Burial at Mt. Carmel, the new Catholic cemetery at this place.

Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

UNNECESSARY TO RISK LIFE

French Police Use a Suffocating Gas That Makes Arrest of Dangerous Person Easy.

Bullet-proof armor and revolvers discharging cartridges containing a suffocating gas, were used by the French police in securing a demented woman who was firing at everybody within sight. These weapons were provided for the special police after the downfall of the motor bandits. The scene of their use was Neuilly. The woman had barricaded herself in her room, and from her window she fired upon anyone who passed by.

A force of police, protected by breastplates and carrying the gas-discharging revolvers, went to the house. They were received with a volley, but on reaching the door of her room they fired the gas charges through a hole in the woodwork. In a few minutes the woman fell unconscious to the floor, and the men were able to secure her and take her away without the least trouble. It is said that, though the gas thus fired causes almost immediate unconsciousness, it has no unpleasant after effects.

J. B. Burnett spent Sunday and Monday in Waukegan.

Miss Maggie Kennedy of Chicago spent Sunday at T. A. Somerville's.

If you want to purchase a house and lot in Antioch see J. C. James.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Holden of Chicago visited at the T. A. Somerville's over Sunday.

F. M. Johnson and wife of Marengo visited over Sunday at the Somerville home here.

Rev. Stixrud leaves for the annual conference at Austin church Chicago next Tuesday morning.

L. G. Paddock and family left today (Thursday) for Leesburg, Fla., where they will remain indefinitely.

Sewing machine supplies for any machine. Machines cleaned and repaired. J. C. James. 4m-adv

When it comes to binding twine Deering Standards leads, others follow. Ask Hunt about it. adv

Walter Christofferson was called to Chicago Monday on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Mrs. Ernest Clark returned Monday from Toledo, Ohio, where she has been spending a two week's vacation.

Lewis' Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's. adv

We have purchasers for farm land in this vicinity. If you have any to sell call at this office and let us know about it.

Thanks to Mr. C. M. Sherman we will soon be enjoying that famous delicacy known as pumpkin pie. The two fine specimens which were left at our office Monday give certain proof that Mr. Sherman is some agriculturalist sure enough.

Wanted to purchase—A cottage on Lake Catherine or Channel Lake. Cottage must be good size and if there is not barn on lot there must be room for building one. Anyone having such property for sale please notify this office.

Highway Notice

Public Letting of Contract

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Commissioners of Highways, Town of Antioch, for the improvement by grading, draining and building a hard gravel road of the east and west road known as the El Rector road, through section 15, in East Antioch, beginning at the end of the present gravel road in the west part of said section and extending east three-fourths (3/4) of a mile more or less; all to be done in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by Chas. E. Russell, County Superintendent of Highways, and on file in his office and that of the Town Clerk of said Town. The undersigned reserve the right to increase or decrease the amount of work done in accordance with the bids received and the amount of funds available for the work.

Sealed proposal will be received at the hour of 2 p. m., on the 26th day of September A. D. 1914, by the Commissioners of said Town, at a meeting to be held in the Town Hall in the village of Antioch, Illinois. Each bidder will be required to file with his bids a certified check equal to at least five (5) per cent of the amount of his bid. These certified checks shall be made payable to the Treasurer of Antioch Town, as a guarantee of good faith if awarded contract that he or they will promptly enter into same and file a good and sufficient bond. The certified checks of the unsuccessful bidders will be returned as soon as contract is awarded, but the checks of the successful bidder will be retained until he or they file a good and sufficient bond according to specifications.

The work is to be started in ten (10) days from date of contract, and completed in ninety (90) days from date of contract, to be paid for on monthly estimates to the amount of eighty-five (85) per cent of same and the balance upon completion and acceptance of work.

The undersigned Commissioners of Highways and County Superintendent of Highways reserve the right to reject any and all bids if they deem it to the best interests of the Town and County to do so.

Dated this 7th day of September A. D. 1914.

Frank Dunn,
W. A. Story,
Alonzo P. Little,
Commissioners of Highways.
C. F. Richards,
Town Clerk.

Chas. E. Russell,
County Superintendent of Highways

The Wakeful Bostonian.
That Boston professor who declares sleep to be an illusion has doubtless been lodging next to a good supply of canned mussels and cat fights.—Houston Chronicle.

Matrimonial.

A wealthy young California woman says: "The man I would marry doesn't live." This shouldn't mean, however, that she will wed what is known in the vocabulary of the street as a dead one.

Maternal Love Strong.

The instinct of maternal love—stronger than death itself—in by no means peculiar to humanity. In fact, it might safely be said that some of the lower animals are at times more humane than are some humans.

An Open Letter . . .

Read what Mr Wilbur Ross has to Say:

After a thorough investigation into the merits of at least ten different makes of pianos offered me by dealers from Waukegan, Kenosha and elsewhere, I am fully convinced that the Kimball Piano is by far the best of them all.

I therefore bought one, and am more than pleased with the instrument. We found Mr. Lenore, who handles the Kimball Piano in Antioch, to be a man of his word, and one who holds honesty above everything else in his business dealings.

Signed, WILBUR ROSS,
Antioch, Ill.

Sale on Farm Implements

We are going to offer our stock of implements, including riding plows, walking plows, seeders, disc harrow, etc., and also buggies and a number of articles at a price that will enable you to invest and have it to use this fall and be ready for next spring's work.

Sale will commence September 1st and continue through September or until stock is sold.

See our line of stoves before buying, we have them ready for the cool weather soon to come.

Plenty of Binding Twine For Fall Use

E. L. WALD & CO.

Lake Villa Illinois

SMOKE

"EL RECTOR"

CIGAR

2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

PHIL C. NIEMAN, Maker

Phone 4478

FIRE
INSURANCE

DON'T wait till your house burns down before you secure insurance.

If you are not carrying insurance, or if you wish to secure more or make a change, call on us and let us figure with you.

We have some of the best companies and can give you the lowest rates

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News Office

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SYNOPSIS.

Chaille Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the town and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in slitting her throat, she forgives her and lets her go. Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl even to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Chaille Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year to Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Chaille, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie the infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Chaille Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara in her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"I say, Leslie, is she staying here?" cried Booth, lowering his voice to an excited half-whisper.

"Who?" demanded Wrاندall vacantly. His mind appeared to be elsewhere.

"Why, that's the girl I saw on the road—Wake up! The one on the envelope, you ass. Is she the one you were telling me about in the club—the Miss What's-Her-Name-who—"

"Oh, you mean Miss Castleton. She's just gone upstairs. You must have met her on the steps."

"You know I did. So that is Miss Castleton."

"Ripping, isn't she? Didn't I tell you so?"

"She's beautiful. She is a type, just as you said, old man—a really wonderful type. I saw her yesterday—and the day before."

"I've been wondering how you managed to get a likeness of her on the back of an envelope," said Leslie sarcastically. "Must have had a good long look at her, my boy. It isn't a snap-shot, you know."

Booth flushed. "It is an impression, that's all. I drew it from memory, 'pon my soul."

"She'll be immensely gratified, I'm sure."

"For heaven's sake, Les, don't be such a fool as to show her the thing," cried Booth in consternation. "She'd never understand."

"Oh, you needn't worry. She has a due sense of humor."

Booth didn't know whether to laugh or scowl. He compromised with himself by slipping his arm through that of his friend and saying heartily:

"I wish you the best of luck, old boy."

"Thanks," said Leslie drily.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Hetty is Welghed.

Booth and Leslie returned to the city on Tuesday. The artist left behind him a "memory sketch" of Sara Wrاندall, done in the solitude of his room long after the rest of the house was wrapped in slumber on the first night of his stay at Southlook. It was a sketchily drawn as the one he had made of Hetty, and quite as wonderful in the matter of faithfulness, but ut-



He Was as Deeply Perplexed as Ever.

terly without the subtle something that made the other notable. The craftiness of the artist was there, but the touch of inspiration was lacking.

Sara was delighted. She was flattered, and made no pretense of disguising the fact.

The discussion which followed the exhibition of the sketch at luncheon, was very animated. It served to excite Leslie to such a degree that he brought forth from his pocket the treasured sketch of Hetty for the purpose of comparison.

The girl who had been genuinely enthusiastic over the picture of Sara, and who had not been by way of knowing that the first sketch existed, was covered with confusion. Embarrassment and a sense of gratification were succeeded almost at once by a feeling of keen annoyance. The sketch of the girl in Leslie's pos-

session—and evidently a thing to be cherished—looked away all the pleasure she may have experienced during the first few moments of interest.

Booth caught the angry flash in her eyes, preceding the flush and unaccountable pallor that followed almost immediately. He felt guilty, and at the same time deeply annoyed with Leslie. Later on he tried to explain, but the attempt was a lamentable failure. She laughed, not unkindly, in his face.

Leslie had refused to allow the sketch to leave his hand. If she could have gained possession of it, even for an instant, the thing would have been torn to bits. But it went back into his commodious pocketbook, and she was too proud to demand it of him.

She became oddly sensitive to Booth's persistent though inoffensive scrutiny as time wore on. More than once she had caught him looking at her with a fixedness that betrayed perplexity so plainly that she could not fail to recognize an underlying motive. He was vainly striving to refresh his memory; that was clear to her. There is no mistaking that look in a person's eyes. It cannot be disguised.

He was as deeply perplexed as ever when the time came for him to depart with Leslie. He asked her point blank on the last evening of his stay if they had ever met before, and she frankly confessed to a short memory for faces. It was not unlikely, she said, that he had seen her in London or in Paris, but she had not the faintest recollection of having seen him before their meeting in the road.

Urged by Sara, she had reluctantly consented to sit to him for a portrait during the month of June. He put the request in such terms that it did not sound like a proposition. It was not surprising that he should want her for a subject; in fact, he put it in such a way that she could not but feel that she would be doing him a great and enduring favor. She imposed but one condition: The picture was never to be exhibited. He met that, with bland magnanimity, by proffering the canvas to Mrs. Wrاندall, as the subject's "next best friend," to "have and to hold so long as she might live," "free gratis," "with the artist's compliments," and so on and so forth, in airy good humor.

Leslie's old had been solicited by both Sara and the painter in the final effort to overcome the girl's objections. He was rather bored about it, but added his voice to the general clamor. With half an eye one could see that he did not relish the idea of Hetty posing for days to the hands of some agreeable painter. Moreover, it meant that Booth, who could afford to gratify his own whims, would be obliged to spend a month or more in the neighborhood, so that he could devote himself almost entirely to the consummation of this particular undertaking. Moreover, it meant that Vivian's portrait was to be temporarily disregarded.

Sara Wrاندall was quick to recognize the first symptoms of jealousy on the part of her brother-in-law. The new idol of the Wrاندalls was in love, selfishly, insufferably in love as things went with all the Wrاندalls. They hated selfishly, and so they loved. Her husband had been their king. But their king was dead, long live the king! Leslie had put on the family crown—a little jauntily, perhaps—cocked over the eye a bit, so to speak—but it was there just the same, annoyingly plain to view.

Sara had tried to like him. He had been her friend, the only one who could claim among them all. And yet, beneath his genial allegiance, she could detect the air of condescension, the bland attitude of a superior who defends another's cause for the reason that it gratifies Nero. She experienced a thrill of malicious joy in contemplating the fall of Nero. He would bring down his house about his head, and there would be no Rome to pay the siddler.

Brandon Booth took a small cottage on the upper road, half way between the village and the home of Sara Wrاندall, and not far from the abhorred "back gate" that swung in the teeth of her connections by marriage. He set up his establishment in half a day and, being settled, betook himself off to dine with Sara and Hetty. All his household cares, like the world, rested snugly on the shoulders of an Atlas named Pat, than whom there was no more faithful servitor in all the earth, nor in the heavens, for that matter, if we are to accept his own estimate of himself. In any event, he was a treasure. Booth's house was always in order. Try as he would, he couldn't get it out of order. Pat's wife saw to that.

As he swung jauntily down the tree-lined road that led to Sara's portals, Booth was full of the joy of living.

Sara was at the bottom of the terrace, moving among the flower beds in the formal garden.

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly smiled her welcome.

"It is so nice to see you again," she said, giving him her hand.

"My heart's in the highlands," he replied, waving a vague tribute to the heavens. "And it's nice of you to sit

me," he added gracefully. Then he pointed up the terrace. "Isn't she a picture? 'Gad, it's lovely—the whole effect. That picture against the sky—"

He stopped short, and the sentence was never finished, although she waited for him to complete it before remarking:

"Her heart is not in the highlands."

"You mean—something's gone wrong?"

"Oh, no," she said, still smiling; "nothing like that. Her heart is in the lowlands. You would consider Washington square to be in the lowlands, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I see," he said slowly. "You mean she's thinking of Leslie."

"Who knows? It was a venture on my part, that's all. She may be thinking of you, Mr. Booth."

"Or some chap in old England, that's more like it," he retorted. "She can't be thinking of me, you know. No one ever thinks of me when I'm out of view. Out of sight, out of mind. No; she's thinking of something a long way off—or some one, if you choose to have it that way."

She smiled upon him with half-closed, shadowy eyes, and shook her head. Then she arose.

"Let us go in. Hetty is eager to see you again."

They started up the terrace. His face clouded.

"I have had a feeling all along that she'd rather not have this portrait painted," Mrs. Wrاندall. A queer sort of feeling that she doesn't just like the idea of being put on canvas."

"Nonsense," she said, without looking at him.

Hetty met them at the top of the steps. The electric porch lights had just been turned on by the butler. The girl stood in the path of the light. Booth was never to forget the loveliness of her in that moment. He carried the image with him on the long walk home through the black night. (He declined Sara's offer to send him over in the car for the very reason that he wanted the half-hour of solitude in which to concentrate all the impressions she had made on his fancy.)

The three of them stood there for a few minutes, awaiting the butler's announcement. Sara's arm was about Hetty's shoulders. He was so taken up with the picture they presented that he scarcely heard their light chatter. They were types of loveliness so full of contrast that he marvelled at the power of nature to create women in the same mold and yet to model so differently.

As they entered the vestibule, a servant came up with the word that Miss Castleton was wanted at the telephone, "long distance from New York."

The girl stopped in her tracks. Booth looked at her in mild surprise, a condition which gave way an instant later to perplexity. The look of annoyance in her eyes could not be disguised or mistaken.

"Ask him to call me up later, Watson," she said quietly.

"This is the third time he has called," Miss Castleton said the man. "You were dressing, if you please, ma'am, the first time—"

"I will come," she interrupted sharply, with a curious glance at Sara, who for some reason avoided meeting Booth's gaze.

"Tell him we shall expect him on Friday," said Mrs. Wrاندall.

"By George!" thought Booth, as she left them. "I wonder if it can be Leslie. If it is—well, he wouldn't be flattered if he could have seen the look in her eyes."

Later on, he had no trouble in gathering that it was Leslie Wrاندall who called, but he was very much in the dark as to the meaning of that expressive look. He only knew that she was in the telephone room for ten minutes or longer, and that all trace of emotion was gone from her face when she rejoined them with a brief apology for keeping them waiting.

He left at ten-thirty, saying good night to them on the terrace. Sara walked to the steps with him.

"Don't you think her voice is lovely?" she asked. Hetty had sung for them.

"I dare say," he responded absently. "Give you my word, though, I wasn't thinking of her voice. She is lovely."

He walked home as if in a dream. The spell was on him.

Far in the night, he started up from the easy chair in which he had been smoking and dreaming and racking his brain by turns.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud. "I remember! I've got it! And tomorrow I'll prove it."

Then he went to bed, with the storm from the sea pounding about the house, and slept serenely until Pat and Mary wondered whether he meant to get up at all.

"Pat," said he at breakfast, "I want you to go to the city this morning and fetch out all of the Studios you can find about the place. The old ones are in that Italian hall seat and the late ones are in the studio. Bring all of them."

"There's a divvy of a bunch of them," said Pat ruefully.

He was not to begin sketching the figure until the following day. After luncheon, however, he had an appoint-

ment to inspect Hetty's wardrobe, ostensibly for the purpose of picking out a gown for the picture. As a matter of fact, he had decided the point to his own satisfaction the night before. She should pose for him in the dainty white dress she had worn on that occasion.

While they were going over the extensive assortment of gowns, with Sara as the judge from whom there seemed to be no appeal, he casually inquired if she had ever posed before.

He watched her closely as he put the question. She was holding up a beautiful point lace creation for his inspection, and there was a pleading smile on her lips. It must have been her favorite gown. The smile faded away. The hand that dangled the garment before her eyes suddenly became motionless, as if paralyzed.

In the next instant, she recovered herself, and, giving the lace a quick flip that sent it eddy of sashet leaping to his nostrils, responded with perfect composure.

"Isn't there a distinction between posing for an artist, and sitting for one's portrait?" she asked.

He was silent. The fact that he did not respond seemed to disturb her attitude.



The Girl Stopped in Her Tracks.

er a moment or two. She made the common mistake of pressing the question.

"Why do you ask?" was her inquiry. When it was too late she wished she had not uttered the words. He had caught the somewhat anxious note in her voice.

"We always ask that, I think," he said. "It's a habit."

"Oh," she said doubtfully.

"And by the way, you haven't answered."

She was busy with the gown for a time. At last she looked him full in the face.

"That's true," she agreed; "I haven't answered, have I? No, Mr. Booth, I've never posed for a portrait. It is a new experience for me. You will have to contend with a great deal of stupidity on my part. But I shall try to be plastic."

He uttered a polite protest, and pursued the question no farther. Her answer had been so palpably evasive that it struck him as bald, even awkward.

Pat, disgruntled and irritated to the point of profanity—he was a privileged character and might have sworn if he felt like it without receiving notice—came shuffling up the cottage walk late that afternoon, bearing two large, shoulder-sagging bundles. He had walked from the station—a matter of half a mile—and it was hot. His employer sat in the shady porch, viewing his approach.

The young man drew a chair up to the table and began the task of working out the puzzle that now seemed more or less near to solution. He had a pretty clear idea as to the period he wanted to investigate. To the best of his recollection, the Studios published three or four years back held the key. He selected the numbers and began to run through them. He was searching for a vaguely remembered article on one of the lesser-known English painters who had given great promise at the time it was published but who dropped completely out of notice soon afterward because of a mistaken notion of his own importance. If Booth's memory served him right, the fellow came a cropper, so to speak, in trying to ride rough shod over public opinion, and went to the dogs. He had been painting sensibly up to that time, but suddenly went in for the most violent style of impressionism. That was the end of him.

There had been reproductions of his principal canvases, with sketches and studies made a lasting impression on Booth. The figure of a young woman in deep meditation standing in the shadow of a window casement from which she looked out upon the world apparently without a thought of it. A slender young woman in vague reds and browns, whose shadowy face was positively illumined by a pair of wonderful blue eyes.

He came upon it at last. For a long time he sat there gazing at the face of Hetty Castleton, a look of half-wonder, half-triumph in his eyes. There

could be no doubt as to the identity of the subject. The face was hers: the velvety, dreamy, soulful eyes that had haunted him for years, as he now believed. In no sense could the picture be described as a portrait. It was a study, deliberately arranged and deliberately posed for in the artist's studio. He was mystified. Why should she, the daughter of Colonel Castleton, the grand-niece of an earl, be engaged in posing for what evidently was meant to be a commercial product of this whitish artist?

Turning from a skillfully colored full page reproduction, he glanced at first casually over the dozen or more sketches and studies on the succeeding pages. Many of them represented studies of women's heads and figures, with little or no attempt to obtain a likeness. Some were half-draped, showing in a sketchy way the long graceful lines of the half-nude figure, of bare shoulders and breasts, of gauze-like fabrics that but illy concealed impressive charms. Suddenly his eyes narrowed and a sharp exclamation fell from his lips. He bent closer to the pages and studied the drawings with redoubled interest.

Then he whistled softly to himself, a token of simple amazement. The head of each of these remarkable studies suggested in outline the head and features of Hetty Castleton! She had been Hawkright's model!

The next morning at ten he was at Southlook, arranging his easel and canvas in the north end of the long living room, where the light from the tall French windows afforded abundant and well-distributed light for the enterprise in hand. Hetty had not yet appeared. Sara, attired in a loose morning gown, was watching him from a comfortable chair in the corner, one shapely bare arm behind her head; the free hand was gracefully employed in managing a cigarette. He was conscious of the fact that her lazy, half-alert gaze was upon him all the time, although she pretended to be entirely indifferent to the preparations. Dimly he could see the faint smile of interest on her lips.

Hetty came in, calm, serene and lovelier than ever in the clear morning light. She was wearing the simple white gown he had chosen the day before. If she was conscious of the rather intense scrutiny he bestowed upon her as she gave him her hand in greeting, she did not appear to be in the least disturbed.

"You may go away, Sara," she said firmly. "I shall be too dreadfully self-conscious if you are looking on."

Booth looked at her rather sharply. Sara indolently abandoned her comfortable chair and left them alone in the room.

"Shall we try a few effects, Miss Castleton?" he inquired, after a period of constraint that had its effect on both of them.

"I am in your hands," she said simply.

He made suggestions. She fell into the position so easily, so naturally, so effectively, that he put aside all previous doubts and blurted out:

"You have posed before, Miss Castleton."

She smiled frankly. "But not for a really truly portrait," she said. "Such as this is to be."

He hesitated an instant. "I think I recall a canvas by Maurice Hawkright," he said, and at once experienced a curious sense of perturbation. It was not unlike fear.

Instead of betraying the confusion or surprise he expected, Miss Castleton merely raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"What has that to do with me, Mr. Booth?" she asked.

He laughed awkwardly.

"Don't you know his work?" he inquired, with a slight twist of his lip.

"I may have seen his pictures," she replied, puckering her brow as if in reflection. "Oh," she cried, with a bright smile of understanding. "I see! Yes, I have a double—a really remarkable double. Have you never seen Hetty Glynn, the actress?"

"I am sure I have not," he said, taking a long breath. It was one of relief, he remembered afterward. "If she is so like you as all that, I couldn't have forgotten her."

"She is quite unknown. I believe she went on, ignoring the implied compliment. 'A chorus girl, or something like that. They say she is wonderfully like me—or was, at least, a few years ago.'"

He was silent for a few minutes, studying her face and figure with the critical eye of the artist. As he turned to the canvas with his crayon point, he remarked with an unmistakable note of relief in his voice:

"That explains everything. It must have been Hetty Glynn who posed for all those things of Hawkright's."

"I dare say," said she indifferently.

CHAPTER IX.

The Ghost at the Feast.

The next day he appeared bright and early with his copy of the Studio.

"There," he said, holding it before her eyes. She took it from his hand and stared long and earnestly at the reproduction.

"Do you think it like me?" she inquired innocently.

"Amazingly like you," he declared with conviction.

She turned the page. He was watching her closely. As she looked upon the sketches of the half-nude figure a warm blush covered her face and neck. She did not speak for a full minute, and he was positive that her fingers tightened their grasp on the magazine.

"The same model," he said quietly. She nodded her head.

"Hetty Glynn, I am sure," she said, after a pause, without lifting her eyes. Her voice was low, the words not very distinct.

He drew a long breath, and she looked up quickly. What he saw in her honest blue eyes convicted her.

Sara Wrاندall came into the room at that moment. Hetty hastily closed the magazine and held it behind her. Booth had intended to show the reproduction to Mrs. Wrاندall, but the girl's behavior caused him to change his mind. He felt that he possessed a secret that could not be shared with Sara Wrاندall, then or afterward. Moreover, he decided that he would not refer to the Hawkright pictures again unless the girl herself brought up the subject. All this flashed through his mind as he stepped forward to greet the newcomer.

When he turned again to Hetty, the magazine had disappeared. He never saw it afterward, and what is more to the point, he never asked her to produce it.

He thought hard over the situation. The obvious solution came to him: She had been at one time reduced to the necessity of posing, a circumstance evidently known to but few and least of all to Sara Wrاندall, from whom the girl plainly meant to keep the truth. This conviction distressed him, but not in the way that might have been expected. He had no scruples about sharing the secret or in keeping it inviolate; his real distress lay in the fear that Mrs. Wrاندall might hear of all this from other and perhaps ungente sources. As for her posing for Hawkright, it meant little or nothing to him. In his own experience, two girls of gentle birth had served as models for pictures of his own making, and he fully appreciated the exigencies that had driven them to it. One had posed in the "altogether." She was a girl of absolutely irreproachable character, who afterward married a chap he knew very well, and who was fully aware of that short phase in her life. That feature of the situation meant nothing to him. He was in no doubt concerning Hetty. She was what she appeared to be: a gentlewoman.

He admitted to himself that he was under the spell of her. It was not love, he was able to contend; but it was a mysterious appeal to something within him that had never revealed itself before. He couldn't quite explain what it was.

In his solitary hours at the cottage on the upper road, he was wont to take his friend Leslie Wrاندall into consideration. As a friend, was it not his duty to go to him with his sordid little tale? Was it right to let Wrاندall go on with his wooing when there existed that which might make all the difference in the world to him? He invariably brought these deliberations to a close by relaxing into a grim smile of amusement, as much as to say: "Serve him right, anyway. Trust him!

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